

THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.



He had played for his lordship's levee,
He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was weary,
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they say—too late—He is weary,
He shall rest for at least to-night!

But at dawn when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent room,
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in his bed,
'Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!' was the last he said.

SMUGGLING QUININE.

A Young Physician's Perilous Adventures.



LONG IN 1862-'63, '64 the Confederate Government had lost many of its best men through the malarial influences of the swamps and low-lying country of the Mississippi and the Arkansas rivers. Quinine became exceedingly valuable, but as the blockade of Southern ports grew more and more intact it was next to impossible to get any of the drug through the lines. The demand became so great that orders were sent out to the different commands to select from among their number a few men of nerve, ingenuity, and patriotism to the Southern cause who could be depended upon under the most critical circumstances. These men were to be instructed in the hazardous duties of smuggling quinine, and were to have the sanction of the Confederate Government, and the protection, as far as it could go, of the Confederate army. They were to go into the Union lines as refugees, or in any way deemed most advisable by them, and were to purchase large quantities of the drug, and use every means possible to get it through.

Among the men selected for this hazardous duty was a young student of medicine, who has since that time become prominent as one of the best physicians of the country. Dr. James Guthrie was born in Pocahontas County, Virginia, now West Virginia, and when the war broke out enlisted in the Confederate army, finally in 1862 becoming attached as an assistant surgeon to General Kirby Smith's army. When the order of the War Department reached General Smith's department one of the first men selected for the hazardous duty was young Guthrie, then a mere boy of twenty or thereabouts. He willingly accepted the dangerous commission, and set out for St. Louis, Mo., with credentials hidden about his person. When he reached St. Louis he stowed away in a safe place several thousand dollars in gold with which he had been provided by the Confederate Government to purchase the drug. Days were spent about the hospitals by the young student and acquaintances made with the officials, until after the lapse of a few weeks he became to all intents and appearance a regular assistant of the surgeons.

No suspicion of the character of his business was ever created, and it was not long before young Guthrie was able to go about the city purchasing medicines and drugs ostensibly for use at the hospitals where so many Union soldiers lay wounded and sick. Day after day the young man purchased, first here and then there, at different drug

without the slightest suspicion of any irregularity in their make-up. When all was ready the young doctor bought an old wagon with a pair of broken-down horses which the meanest-principled Union or Confederate force would never have dreamed of confiscating, and then after clothing himself in a suit of clothes bought at a second-hand store started out of the city.

Over one hundred miles was made, with several narrow escapes, before the doctor again neared the river with his old team. For the last day or two the scouts and videttes had seemed to be unusually suspicious, and the young doctor concluded to give away or sell his team after gaining the river.

When he arrived upon the bank he followed the road still down the stream until he came to the house or dug-out of a small farmer. Here he unloaded his bark-covered tubes, and after tying them together and attacking a bunch of brush to them to make them look like an ordinary bunch of drift he put them in the river and let them float off in the current, which they did, looking like a bunch of brush which had floated from the shore. The old wagon and horses were then driven to the home of the farmer, traded off for a boat and pair of oars, with three or four days' provisions, and an old blanket thrown in as good measure.

The young smuggler floated and rowed away night after night, sometimes ahead and often behind the bunch of brush which hid away the all-important tubes of quinine. In the daytime, whenever near the lines or outposts of the Union forces, he would remain hidden in some creek or small stream with his boat and bunch of driftwood in close proximity.

After three nights' travel early one morning, as he was quietly dozing and paddling along about one hundred yards from the shore, he was halted for the fifth or sixth time and commanded to land. Of course he did so, expecting to find himself questioned by a Union vidette. Meantime the quinine was calmly and smoothly floating along just ahead of him. But this time the young doctor found himself confronted with a squad of Confederate cavalry, an outpost of General Joseph Shelby's brigade. The Captain in charge closely questioned him as to his business and where he was going, and not perfectly satisfied with his answers, ordered him to mount a horse and ride to camp, about one mile below. Young Guthrie knew that if he was taken into a Confederate camp, which was located below where he had been arrested, his quinine was safe and he quietly mounted, determined, however, not to give a hint of his real business until he was sure that he was with friends.

The squad and their prisoner soon reached the headquarters of the colonel commanding, when the prisoner was turned over to the commanding officer. When the young smuggler found that he was really with friends he produced his credentials and told the commander the secret of his business. A boat, or rather two or three skiffs and small punts, were soon found, and the young fellow, accompanied by several soldiers, paddled along shore up-stream until they met the little bunch of driftwood. They soon towed it ashore at the camp, where the long tin tubes with their bark covering were taken out of the water. The quinine was found in perfect condition, and was immediately forwarded under a guard to the nearest large post.

Young Guthrie was given a letter vouching for the safe arrival of a large supply of the great drug. He was sent to General Smith's command, where, after a high compliment for his courage and ingenuity, he was well paid and recommended to undertake another trial of the same sort. Five times he succeeded in getting through the lines with large quantities of quinine, but the sixth time he was captured and sent to prison at Fort Delaware, where he remained until the war was over.

Dr. Guthrie is to-day one of the most popular and eminent physicians in this country, with an immense practice, but seldom too busy to tell some interesting story or reminiscences of the times which tested the nerve and ingenuity of the bravest.

Statistics as to Hunchbacks.

Ten years ago a remarkable character died in Paris. He was known all over France and the greater part of all Europe as "The Learned Hunchback." He was very wealthy, and spent a part of money in the last fifty years of his life, traveling in all directions making researches concerning his hunchbacked brethren. It was in the milder portions of Europe that he found the misfortune the most prevalent. Spain supplied the greater number, and in a circumscribed locality at the foot of the Sierra Morena he found that there was one hunchbacked person to every thirteen inhabitants. They were also found to be quite numerous in the valley of the Loire in France. The little hunchbacked statistician came to the conclusion that there was one hunchback in each one thousand inhabitants, or an aggregate of one million against the estimated thousand millions of the entire earth.

After the death of this eccentric individual his heirs found in place of a will a voluminous manuscript of two thousand pages, all concerning hunchbacks. The last page, although it said nothing about the disposition of property, expressed the author's desire to have a hump of marble raised over his grave, with this inscription:

"Here lies a hunchback who had a taste for humps, and who knew more about them than any other hunchback."

Where the Money Is.

Aspiring youth—Yes, sir, I'm going West. No money in the East. What's the use of plodding along in this effete section? The West is the place for youth and energy.

Same youth (a few months later, in the West)—Yes, Mrs. Hunchhouse, I know my board bill is a good deal over due; but have a little patience. I have just sent to my friends and relatives in the East for money.—Pack.

Letters from a friend.—Friend A.

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